

"THE SAND LADY" HAS A NOVEL BUSINESS

"The Sand Lady," is the way Miss Clarice L. Martin, a Chicago girl, is known to mothers. She is the originator of "sand suits," a slip for little girls to wear at play.

Two years ago when Miss Martin was ill the idea came to her that mothers would like to have their small daughters play in simple, comfortable, girlish suits rather than in the ugly rompers and the blue overalls of boys.

With a capital of \$5, she invest-



Miss Clarice L. Martin.

ed in three kinds of gingham and sat down to embody her idea in four sample suits. These she called "sand suits." If they were not successful she intended to make the rest of the gingham into aprons.

"The sample suits were horrible," says Miss Martin. But when she showed them, mothers did not see the crude workman-

ship of the garment; they saw health, happiness and comfort for their little girls in the dainty suits which did not disturb a single feminine tradition.

After Miss Martin had sold the four sample "sand suits" for \$6, clearing \$1 on her original, she determined to try out the idea thoroughly. A somewhat unusual feature of Miss Martin's success is that since those first four samples she has never made another "sand suit."

About twenty women, who sew carefully and painstakingly, make them for her. She uses her own patterns and selects her own gingham and gives out materials to women workers.

Kindergarten teachers find the "sand suit" essential in connection with the kindergarten work; physicians favor the new garment because it permits a normal development of the child; mothers like the suit because it is practical, stylish and saves laundry bills; fathers enjoy seeing their small daughters in plain, comfortable garments without being less feminine in them.

Qualified.

Father—Well, my son, you have now got your commission and are prepared to join your regiment and fight for glory of our country. Do you know you have the necessary qualifications?"

Young Officer—Well, I should think so. I am the champion long-distance runner of our club!"—Tit-bits.